THE WORLD

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1.

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Circulation Books Always Open.

THE LOCK IS TURNING.

VERIFIED.

The determination of THE EVENING WORLD to secure to the people their rights in Stuy. vesant Park received vesterday the indorse ment and help of the Board of Aldermen. By a unanimous vote the Board requested

the Park Commissioners to keep the gates open in the evening during the warm months. and under proper regulations.

Mayor Hewirr has, heretofore, shown such terest in opening very much smaller parks and squares and in securing new ones in the crowded tenement districts that his co-ope ration is counted on by those interested as a natter of course.

The key is in and the lock is turning.

MEANING BUSINESS.

The Board of Aldermen yesterday struck a blow at the root of the bobtail car nuisance by passing an ordinance requiring the Twenty-third Street Railway Company to provide conductors for all their cars.

This is beginning in one of the right ways pointed out by THE EVENING WORLD. It rests with the Common Council to prescribe what rules and regulations are "necessary and proper" for running cars through the thickly-crowded streets of the city. Public opinion is unanimous in the opinion that s pobtail car is a dangerous nuisance.

Now, let us see whether the corporations are servants or masters.

A SEA ISLAND PARK.

Through the efforts of Congressmen Cox and Spinora a resolution is likely to pass both houses permitting the improvement and use of Governor's Island, in New York harbor, for a park for the people. The admirable report of the Military Com-

mittee presents the reasons in favor of this project so forcibly, and meets all objections to it so conclusively that there is nothing more to be said. The island contains sixty acres. It is

within a few minutes of the Battery by boat. And it could be improved and fitted for the people's enjoyment at small expense, without detracting at all from the little use which it would now serve for harbor defense.

The lower part of the city is in great need of such a health-giving breathing-space. This plan should surely be carried out.

THE EVENING WORLD was true to its record yesterday in publishing the only account in any evening paper of the result of the Indianapolis-Detroit game that, with the Giants' victory, placed New York at the head. Our Sporting Extra is a pennant winner, and the public is finding it out.

The "beautiful blonde" and the "handsome brunette" are still at the front in nearly every escapade or crime with a woman in it. "be plain, sweet, sensible, every-day girls legear to be the safest and the best.

resterdajhe Republican campaign has obviously ned. Sixteen huge watermelons were ned at to President CLEVELAND at the White he clearuse during his recent absence. This is

len, HARRISON advocates subsidies for ship lines to the South American ports. But mything except tax reduction to get rid of

To the Puzzlers. The complete answers to the eight puzzles printed in yesterday's EVENING WORLD will be given to morrow. As distinctly stated yesterday, in order not to make honors too easy, only the names of those who submit correct answers to all the eight puzzles will be printed. We have

writers of which disregard this condition. A Cleveland Club for Washington Heights nd and Thurman Campaign Club is to formed under the anspices of the cisinens of aniagton Heights Thursday evening, Aug. 2, at clock. The meeting will be held at the Mount Viscent Hetel, One Hundred and Forty-seventh

red about a bushel of letters already, the

BEST IN THE MARKET.

Porgies, 8 cents. Chicory, 8 to 5 cents. Sheepshead, 25 cents. Salmon trout, 15 cents, Lemons, 15 for 25 cents. Oranges, 60 cents a dozen. Watermelons, 25 to 50 cents, Green okra, 25 cents per 100. Fresh eggs, 22 cents a dozen Assorted fruit, \$1,50 a banket, Sweet potatoes, 75 cents a peck. Stewing pears, 10 cents a quart. Raspberries, 7 to 10 cents a box. Best dairy butter, 25 cents a pound. Muskmelons, 8 cents; large, 15 to 20. Plums, 25 cents a dozen, best 60 cents. Large sea bass, 15 cents; small, 10 cents, Grapes, 20 cents a pound; choice, 30 cents. Green peas. 40 cents a peak; best, 60 cents. Bananas-Yellow, 80 cents a dozen; red, 40 to 6

Peaches, 50 cents a dozen; best, 75 cents to \$1 mall, \$1.50 a bushel basket.

WHERE THEY WILL FLIT.

Ben Rathjen will go to Atlantic City. Luke L. Wilson will go to Bath Beach. Theodore Martin will go up the Hudson. J. W. Watson will spend two weeks in Salem

Charles W. Berry will take a trip to Saratoga an remain there ten days. Robert W. Johnson will go to Far Rockawa

during the latter part of August. John C. Straussinger will paint Philadelphia lurid color during the ten days he remains.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, has never ha his picture taken, although photographers have often tried to entrap him into a sitting.

A curious fish, with a head almost identical shape and expression with that of a frog, was caught off the coast of California, near San Diego, recently. Near the head, on either side, is a fir resembling a frog's foreleg. The fish is poisono and its bite, it is said, means certain death.

The champion fisherwoman of New England indoubtedly Miss Lottie E. Maxwell, of Framing ham, Mass. She is spending a vacation in the White Mountains, and the other morning went on nd caught seventy-four trout."

Addison Cammack, whose operations in Wall treet have brought him at least \$6,000,000 during the past fifteen years, began life as a messenge boy in the office of a New Orleans shipping firm V. White, who made \$2,000,000 out of a deal in Lackawanna stocks a couple of years ago and has since gone to Congress, used to be a reporter in St

One of the wealthiest women in the country i "Oh, about a three-minute horse."
"I have not got a horse of that gait to-day.
How would a four-minute animal do you?"
"Oh, well, what's a minute, anyhow?
Trot him out."
T. S. Tilzon.
787 Sixth avenue, New York, July 31. Mrs. Moses Taylor. She inherited \$20,000,000 from her husband, and the estate has since increased greatly in value. She spends ber summers at Long Branch and devotes herself largely to religion an



Man-With-Frayed-Ear-What for you cry? Man-Afraid-of-Red-headed-Horse - Injun think what - shame he's Injun!

Mr. Edison Has No Star.

Yours is the best, brightest and most ac commodating of newspapers, and I am with pleasure a constant reader, never feeling contented evenings until I have read every line. Can you enlighten me on the foll eral of my friends claim that the gifted electrician, Mr. Edison, is guilty of adding to the innumerable stars one of his own manufac-ture, which, with his skill, he sends up regu-larly every evening. There is one star in the southern part of the heavens which exceeds southern part of the heavens which exceeds all others in brightness (just as The Evening World does its contemporaries), and this is claimed to be the artificial one. Others of my friends claim it to be the evening star. If you would decide this you would prove more than ever to several admirers of your independent sheet that The Evening World is the place to look to for information.

G. F. RIEMAN, JR.

Shall the Railings Be Taken Down?

to the Editor of The Evening World:

I would suggest that instead of opening the gates of Stuyvesant Park that the railings be taken down altogether, as has been done in all the other city parks. Those railings could be utilized by putting them at the up-per end of Central Park, on One Hundred and Tenth street, between Fifth and Eighth avenues. The park is sunken at this point from six to ten feet below the sidewalk, and is dangerous to life and limb. Will any one second the motion? second the motion? HARLEN, 164 East One Hundred and Sixth street.

The Irish Volunteers. At a meeting of Company A, Second Battalion Irish Volunteers, held at their armory, 1210 First avenue, Major William F. Kelly presiding. Lieut. P. I., White was unanimously elected Captain and Second Sergt. M. Joyce was chosen First Lieuenant.
Company B will elect a Captain and a First Lieu-tenant on Monday evening, Aug. 6.
Company C will be organized in a very aport time.

Companies A and B meet every Monday night for drill and instruction.

The Newest Hotel Guests. Benjamin F. Dyer, of Boston, is a late arrival at the Astor House. Oscar E. May, of Cleveland, O., is stopping at

the Sturtevant House,
R. W. Ransom, of St. Paul, Manu., is an early
morning arrival at the Hotel Bartholdi. S. H. G. Clark, Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, is a guest at the Windsor Hotel. Dr. Herman Canfield, of Bristol, R. I., and R. D. Goodwin, of Memphis, Tenn., are guests of the Grand Hotel. Grand Hotel.

L. R. Bergeran, of Dallas, Tex.; J. W. Grimshaw, of Australia, and John S. Wise, of Virginia,
are stopping at the Hoffman House,
Glisey House guests include J. B. Cozzens, of St.
Louis; C. A. Chickering, of Copenhagen, and H.
B. Sanderson, of Milwankee, Wis.

Staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel are William Tod, of Scotland: Q. L. Painter, of Pittaburg, Pa., and W. A. Robertson, of Glasgow, Scotland. Henry Villard, Stetson Leach, of Denver, Col.: Duncan McIntire, of Montreal, and A. C. Hulous-Roper, of Philadelphia, are at the Hotel Branswick.

Roper, of Philadelphia, are at the Hotel Brauswick,
J. D. Carson, of the Columbia Theatre, Chicago;
R. H. Butier, editor of the Burgio Actos, and O.
G. Warren, of the Huffalo Commercial, are
sojourning at the St. James.
Among the new names mentioned at the Albemarie are ex-Lieut.-Gov. Chauncey F. Black, of
Pennsylvania; Cha. Poe, son of Eggar Allen Poe,
of Baltimore, and J. Keith Heid, of Montreal.

MOTHERS say they would not be without MONELL'S

person can submit one or as many jokes as lesired. The decision, however, will made on the merits of the best joke in the collection.

The okes must be original, that is to say.

JOKERS TO THE FRONT.

But Please Be Chary About Sending

CONUNDRUM.

be treated with full justice in this contest?

NOT SO EXPENSIVE."

doubt it, my dear, it seems to me that if things go on at the same rate you'll stand a better chance of coming out in your bare (bear) skin next winter.

SHE COULDN'T ENDURE IT.

Aunt Bessie (to gay and thoughtless niece)

—Why, Fanny, I can't understand how you
can remain idle while your poor old mother
does the housework alone? In fact, I don't

see how you can endure the sight.

Fanny (all dressed for the street)—That's just it, auntie, I cannot endure to stand by and see dear mother work so hard, therefore

I dress up and go out for a stroll the momen

CONUNDRUM. Why should the winner in this contest be considered the funniest man alive?

Answer—Because he has won the prize for writing the best joke in The World.

ED GARDENIER.
71 Penn street, Brooklyn, July 30.

What's a Minute, Anyhow?

Patsy (to horse dealer)-I want to buy

Haven't We Heard This Before ?

Here is a joke which may please Bill Nye:

train at the Grand Central Depot. About

half way to New Haven the conductor asked

haif way to New Haven the conductor asked him for his ticket. He told the conductor he had none. The conductor put him off at the next stop and accompanied him with a big kick, but the tramp again boarded the train before it started, and met with the same treatment at the next station. This treat-ment continued for several times, but he al-ways succeeded in getting aboard the train before it started. At last the conductor, be-coming exasperated, caught the tramp by the shoulder and said:

"Say, where are you going, anyhow?"

shoulder and said;
"Say, where are you going, anyhow?"
"I am going to San Francisco if my anatomy holds out," responded the tramp.
LEWIS M. PRAK.
219 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street, New York City, July 31.

She-Do you attend the theatre often, Mr.

saw Booth only last evening.
She-Indeed. In what did you see him?
He-Oh, er-er-er-in the Hoffman House
WM. CLINTON. He-Oh, yes; very often, very often.

ing West Broadway at Thirty-fourth street

at 3 o'clock last week an elderly gentlemen

with a back stoop on his shoulders, a south-

east eye, an honest, open face and stem

winder whiskers, started to cross the street on the bias at an angle of 35 degrees, Fahren. heit. The driver stopped to receive the thanks of a lady for failing to knock her

thanks of a lady for failing to knock her down. He started again and was interrupted to oblige a passenger with change of a check. By this time the gentleman had gained the centre of the track, and, being near-sighted, by an oversight he overlooked the car overtaking him, and undertook to head off the horse, when, to the horror and surprise of every one, he was—not run over. Why? What was the use? As we did not say before he had a wooden leg, with which he might have thrown the car off the track and thereby caused loss to the company. Jay N. Bez.

Two Little Ones.

rounding waters were Sheol (shoal)?

Tarke Editor of The Evening World:

Was Hell Gate so called because the sur

The judge in the contest is Nye to me and

More Sympathy for Bill.

Inclosed please find my "jokes," to be en

ered in your Joke Contest. By Jimminy,

but you are enterprising! No wonder you

stand so far in the lead in "newspaperdom.

Bill Nye certainly has a great task before him, and he'll be smiling all over his face for many days to come. But is his life insured? For heaven's sake, if not let him take out a policy immediately. Will gladly subscribe a

policy immediately. Will gladly subscribe "bad penny" towards the purchase of on H. E. Burns, age sixteen. P. O. Box No. 998, city.

A Generous Offer.

Allow me to offer to the Hon. William Nye

Has a Familiar Ring.

Snaggs-Why is it that a dog in his gle

ver a bone reminds me of the United States?

Jaggs-Don't know.
Snaggs-Because it's A-merry-cur.
STEPHEN BERNHEIMER.
8 Centre Market place, New York City.

Still a-Punning.

It is not improbable that before you have

done, the joke contest will drive Bill nigh to distraction. M. H. ROSENFELD.

Conditions of the Contest.

Following are the conditions of THE EVEN-

ING WORLD's joke contest: It is open to

everybody-men, women and children. Any

BILL FARE.

through the columns of your valuable paper

To the Joke Editor of The Evening World.

e becomes ''snowed under.''
New York, July 3.

308 East Eighteenth street.

To the Joke Editor Evening of the World :

A seedy tramp boarded the west-bound

I have one for Bill Nye to pass upon.

" Well, how fast, my friend ?"

To the Editor of The Evening World

In the Joke Editor of The Evening World:

I submit the following :

the okes must be original, that is to say, they shall not have previously appeared in print to the knowledge of the competitor. Each joke must be written on one side of a sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are required, they must be neatly secured together. Each joke must bear the name of the competitor and the date on which it was aent. ent. The jokes may consist of from one word to 200. The latter limit must not be exceeded, and competitors should bear in mind that brevity is often '' the soul of wit." A joke of a few lines, if first class, will stand as good a chance of winning the prize as one of twenty lines.

a chance of winning the prize as one of twenty lines.

The prize will be \$25 for the best joke sub-mitted. Bill Nye will read all jokes sent in, and will in his ripe judgment determine the winner. Some of the jokes will be published from time to time, but the publication or non-publication of a joke will have no bear-ing upon the final decision. A joke may be published and yet finally ruled out because it may be a "chestut."

may be a "chestnut."
The Evening Woello cannot undertake to acknowledge the receipt of all jokes sent in, other than that the publication will of course

other than that the publication will of course be an acknowledgment. Great care, however, will be taken to preserve all jokes received, and to see that judgment is passed upon them by Mr. Nye.

It has not yet been determined when the contest will close. That will depend upon the degree of interest aroused by the contest. But it will be well for competitors to send in their jokes at once, as in the case of two jokes of equal merit, priority of receipt would determine the prize winner. Why do I believe that my little jokelet will Answer—Because I believe that during the contest an honest judge is nigh (Nye). Wife (who has been compelled to remain in the city all summer)—Well, John, I suppose I shall come out next winter in my seal-skin, eh?

John (who has met with heavy losses)—I

CROKER STILL OPPOSED TO UNION.

He Believes a Three-Cornered Fight Means 15,000 More Cleveland Votes.

A prominent Tammany Hall man said today: "I had a long talk with Commissioner Croker a few days ago. He is as much opposed to a union with the County Democracy s ever, and he sincerely believes that three-cornered fight will help Cleveland 15,000 votes in this city. He believes that Cleveland will have 60,000 more votes in the county than Harrison, and that Cleveland will have at least 80,000 plurality in New York, Kings, Queens, Suffolk and Richmond

"On what does he base his calculations?"
"Well, he thinks Blaine got 20,000 Democratic votes in 1884 that Harrison will not

cratic votes in 1884 that Harrison will not get."

"Does he think that the tariff issue will hurt the Democratic ticket?"

"Commissioner Croker does not take any stock in the free trade scare. He says that the workingmen anow who their friends are and cannot be fooled by the Republican bugaboo, the monopolist, manufacturers and trust combines. The workingmen, he says, understand the tariff question and know that a high protection only puts money in the pockets of the monopolists and the rich, grinding manufacturers."

"Who does the Commissioner favor as the Tammany Hall nominee for Mayor?"

"You may say that he has no favorite candidate. I do not believe he has even thought of the most available candidate. Croker is naturally very reserved. He thinks a great

didate. I do not believe he has even thought of the most available candidate. Croker is naturally very reserved. He thinks a great deal, but says very little. You can rest assured that up to date not one of the men talked of as the probable nominee of the Wigwam has received any promise from Croker."

"Will Tammany Hall support Hill for renomination?"
"I think Tammany Hall will send a united delegation to the State Convention in favor of Hill's renomination. I do not imagine there is any doubt about it. I hope the Counties will send a delegation to the convention opposed to Hill. That would help Tammany Hall in its local fight."

IN THE MISCELLANEOUS SECTION.

A Chairman, a Vice-Chairman and a Little Routine Business.

John Hastings, of the Social Association of Carpet Workers, presided at the meeting of the Miscellaneous Section last night, and John O'Shea, of the Excelsior Labor Club, was Vice-Chairman.

Delegate Ernest Bohm reported that the difficulty between the International Millwrights and Millers and Cement Laborers Union No. 1 is in a fair way towards settle-

ment. Another conference on the subject will be held early next week.

Delegates of the Barbers' Union wanted all union men to examine their new card and patronize those shops only which display it.

The Excelsior Labor Club reported that one of its members had been blacklisted at Barrett's coal yard, in Water street. The matter was referred to the Arbitration Com-

Progressive Musical Union No. 1 com-plained that the Journeymen Brewers' Union is to have a picnic and had engaged "scab" music, each musician to receive but \$3, whereas the union rate is \$5. Referred to Section 6.

A resolution expressing sympathy with the striking workmen of Paris was adopted and referred to the Central Labor Union.

The Peddlers' Union at its late mass meeting tool Tin-roofers in the employ of Michel & Roth, of Brooklyn, are on a strike because the firm refuses to recognize their union.

The German Federated Trades and the New Jer-

sey Trades' Assembly have resolved to have joint celebration on Labor Day. Louis Riege, late Secretary of the Beer-Drivers Union and also of the Brewars' National Union, has resigned from all active work in those organi

to many others; alone, I wish to be nigh to the \$25. Manoumerre Moore, 135 West Fourteenth street, city, July 31.

THE EVENING WORLD'S correspondent at Pitts-burg telegraphs to-day that Singer, Nimick & Co. have succeeded in employing non-union men in their iron and steel mills and will not take any of the leaders back who participated in the recent strike.

With a few exceptions, the cigar manufactures ave made terms with the Cigarmakers' Intern have made terms with the Cigarmakers' Interna-tional Union and received the blue label inducating that the cigars are made in union factories and are free from the disease-breeding taint of dury

nearly all the local assemblies attached to Dis-trict Assembly 49 have resolved not to pay any more money into the treasury of either faction until the question of authority is fully determined. It is believed that the course adopted will " freezout" both sides and cause a reorganization of the

No Monopoly in the Flag.

To the Editor of The Evening Wold:

I am a Democrat, but I cannot for the life of me understand why it is that the Republi. cans have selected the American flag as their my sincere sympathy in this the season of his emblem for the campain. To use a common expression, I think that they have great nerve. We all love that beautiful flag, Republicans and Democrats alike. My idea is this, let all my Democratic friends select of one of those campaign buttons as well as one of the buttons of his own party, and fasten them side by side. It will show our friend, the enemy, that we, too, claim that flag as much as they do.

C. H. K. dire inadvertence. I am skilled in the use of the shovel (having served in the capacity of grave-digger for a number of years), and, if he is not already provided with an efficient corps de spade, will tender my services when

Forecasting the Election

Milford, Conn., July 30.

If anybody wants to know whether Harri son will be elected tell them to spell it (Harrison) backwards and find out. Answer is No-sir-rah. Wm. W. LISCHES, 720 Broad street, Trenton, N. J.

As an Appetizer. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I received my favorite paper ordered in time for supper, which gave me an extra appetite. With many thanks, yours truly.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

It Was Only a Group of Three, but the

Three Were Interesting. It was only a group of three. A nurse and two babies.

The nurse held one of her charges in her arms, and the baby was almost as big as her-

The other baby was crying because i wanted to be held, too. "Never mind, Maggie, there's a dear.

Ma'll be here in a minute and she'll bring you a bannany," soothed the little nurse.

'Ah, what a bad baby you are!" she exclaimed to the other, in tones indicating clearly that she meant exactly the reverse of what she said.

what she said.

"You've got your face all sticky wid de candy," she sputtered on, and she essayed to wipe the face of the baby on her own dress-skirt, in doing which she revealed that there was no underclothes under the dress—only a pair of very dirty, thin little legs.

The little legs supported a six-year-old girl, and the six-year-old girl was swaying back and forth on the legs with a year-old baby in and forth on the legs with a year-old baby in

The other was about three years old. A she continued to whine the nurse sat down on the curbstone and took her, too in her lap and crooned to her soothingly, entirely ob-livious to the presence of the reporter, who stood almost over them.

"When ms comes back mebbee we'll take

a ride up on de elevator cars," wheedled the nurse. "And we'll see de cows and de lions and de 'Ifants an' all dem." The reporter bent over the little nurse and

asked: ... Where is ma?"

"Where is ma?"

"She wint down to de Tombs to git pa out. De ole man was off last night and de copper pulled im in. Ma's got de money to nay is tine. I had to mind Maggie and de baby till she came back."

"And what is your name?" asked the reporter, taking out his pad.

The six-year-old saw it, and her eyes danced eagerly as she said: "Yez are a 'porter, 'aint ye? They was down at Johnny Barrett's when he died and they had paper. My name's Kittie, sir? And will it be in the paper, sir?"

The reporter assured Miss Kitty that her name should appear in the paper, and five pennies added to this information overflowed

he happiness of the little woman.

The last seen of them, Kitty was lugging her baby across the street to a peanut stand, and Maggie was trudging along beside her with a firm grip of her dirty hands in the skirt of Kitty's only garment.

Police-Sergt, Price and the Priceless Prod uct of His Garden.

Sergt, James K. Price, of Inspector Will isms's staff, is a practical joker, and tells his Munchausen varps with such soberness that

Munchausen yarns with such soberness that he hooks scores of gudgeons.

His latest fad is the discovery of a vegetable growth in his garden at Mount Hope which promotes the growth of hair, and will cover not merely a bald head but a billiard ball with a fine hirsute showing.

For want of a better name, he calls it "Wee-hac," understood to be an Indian name for big-head-full-of-hair.

He brought to Police Headquarters, a few days ago, a bottle of a dark but pleasant smelling mixture, upon the merits of which he descanted at great length and with rare enthusiasm. He gave some of it to Sergt. Kass, who reported that he upset it on the stoop of his house and found a beautiful growth of pus on the stones in the morning.

Price talked so sweelly of his new discovery to Commissioner McClave that the candidate for Mayor wrote for him a testimonial.

Capt. Brooks, whose head is as bald and shiny as a billiard ball, is auxious to test the rejuvenating qualities of Wee-hac, and will petition to the Board for permission to give it a trial.

Capt. Saunders. Doorman Barnes. Rounds.

ta trial.

Capt. Saunders, Doorman Barnes, Roundsman Cooper, Major Kipp and other members of the Bald-Head Club of the police force want an opportunity of trying Wee-Hac on their scalps, and they all declare that Price is a great man and that Wee-Hac is his profit. Sergt. Schmittberger, who is the adjoining neighbor at Mount Hope to Sergt. Price though they do not speak as they pass by it very much exercised at Price's remark that he has filehed a great quantity of this most potent drug from his neighbor's gagen. Schmittberger will put in a claim for his full share of profit from the sale of this wonderful pair restorer.

A Pair of Calves That Should Go to

On Broadway, just below Ann street, there is a fine pair of calves on exhibition every day, rain on shine.

They support a man who sells garters for men, and also serve as his sign, announcing his business.

The reporter did not learn the man's name.

The reporter did not learn the man's name, for that does not make any difference with his legs, and by the mention of his calves neople will remember him much more quickly and vividiy than by his name.

They are splendid calves, too. Not muscular looking, but of good size and well curved. They are made conspicuous by the man's dress.

dress.
His knickerbockers reach just below the knee, and his blue socks, which are of a neat fit, are supported by a pair of the patent garters which the man sells. Between the bottom of the breeches and

Between the cottom of the breeches and the top of the socks is revealed some white flannel, of light weight, and this adds to the giddiness of the "make-up." The fellow is not at all bashful, and a good deal of his time is devoted to admiring his legs. So is that of the passers-by.

The Moon Was the Poorest Part of the Show, After All. It was at St. George's, the other evening.

few minutes before the glory of Rome had reached a climax after its nightly fashion. The moon began to rise slowly and majes

The moon began to rise slowly and majestically above the scenery. It had a peculiarly mellow appearance and one side was sliced off in a rakish manner, such as to suggest that Her Majesty Luna had followed up her late cellipse with a protracted bust.

Towards the front centre of the grand stand a young couple sat oblivious of everybody but each other and of everything but the his show.

As the moon climbed up in its irregular shape and yellow hue, the young fellow nudged his girl and pointed to the orb of night.
"It's great, ain't it?" he whispered to the

fair one.
"No," said she, with a supercilious toss of his head. "They had a better moon than that up to the 'Cademy of Music when they played the pantomime."

And her accent was on the mime.

A Dream of a Black Cat Brought an Unexpected \$100. There is a widow in Brooklyn who is mor

or less happy at the present time over what she considers a piece of good luck. Her husband's life was insured for \$1,000 in the St. Lawrence Insurance Company, of this city, and soon after his death, which occurred last December, she presented the policy and the certificate showing the cause of death at the company's office, then in the

Temple Court.

Payment of the claim was put off from day to day, and in the meantime the St. Law-rence was merged into the Citizens' Life In-

rence was merged into the Chizens' Lite in-surance Company.

The widow had almost given the matter up when one night last week she dreamed of a black cat. The following morning she re-ceived a notice from the company to call at their office, and when she finished the call she was just \$100 richer than when she be-gan it.

FELL FORTY FERT TOGETHER.

The Terrible Out-of-the-Window Plunge of Two Monroe Street Bables.

Another instance of miraculous escape in the case of a child falling from a lofty elevation occurred yesterday at the tenement-house at 328 Monroe street, and in some respects the case is one of the most remarkable on record. To the people in the neighborhood it will be a nine-days' wonder and to-day it is the only topic of conversa tion thereabouts.

Isaac Kobliner, a conductor on the Grand street cross-town line, lives on the third floor in the rear of the tenement, with his wife and two little girls, Johanna and Mamie, three and a half and two years old, respec tively.

About 4 o'clock vesterday afternoon the mother happened to be called out of the room for a moment, and she left the two children playing on the sofa.

While she was in the hallway she heard a cream from one of the children, and, running back, was horrified to catch a glimpse of both the little ones disappearing headlong from the window, which had been left open. Her frantic cries aroused the whole neigh-borhood, and when it was learned what had appened every one made a rush for the rard, expecting to find the dead and mangled codies of both the children. Their surprise and amazement may be imagined when, in-stead of meeting with any horrible spectacle, they found that neither of the children were seriously hurt, and the younger, with only a bruise and a slight cut on the forehead, was being helped to her feet by the elder.

It took some time to convince the mother, who was almost crazed with fright and grief, to believe that her babies had suffered no harm, and a physician was summoued before she would be assured that they were in no

she would be assured that they were in no danger.

It appears that the two children, taking advantage of their mother's absence, had clambered upon the low sill of the French window, which was forbidden ground, and the younger one of them, losing her balance, had toppled over. The elder grabbed her dress to save her, but the weight was too heavy, and they both went over together in close embrace.

The distance to the ground is about forty feet, and there is a brick areaway directly under the window. If they had fallen into this they would undoubtedly have been killed, but a clothesline at the second story broke the force of their fall and threw them outwards so that they fell upon the grass plot beyond and then rolled into the areaway, which is about five feet deep, where they received their bruises.

To-day the little ones are as bright and lively as ever, and have entirely recovered from the fright caused by their fall. Two big brown-paper plasters are the only reminicences of the accident. Mrs. Kobliner is the only one who has not got over the shock and she areas her ill never received the shock and she areas he will never receil the

is the only one who has not got over the shock, and she says she will never recall the scene without a feeling of horror. There are now two big bars across that

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



good,
Be just where we never get hold of 'em?
and why can't our voices have warnings attached,
So 'twon't be too late when we're told of 'em?

Now, there is tobacco, the bane of my life, For I shall be eighty to morrow— I've smoked it, I've chewed it, and used good,

Through all these long decades of sorrow. If I, in my youth, had but cast off this vice, By being both braver and bolder, According to scientists, I would be now & Some fifteen or twenty years older.

that was on my table?

Too Much Learning. Gus De Smith-What did you do with that letter

put it in de hole. you not see there was no address on the envelope."

"I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velope, but I
"lowed yer did dat ar on purpose, so I couldn't tell
who yer was a-writin' to. I's an eddicated niggah,
I is, and I s'posed you knowed hit."

How to Preserve an Umbrelle. [From the Norristown Herald.]
Some one says that an umbrella will last much onger if it is placed with the handle downward to try. To preserve it still longer, attach it to your

[From the Detroit Free Press.] There is nothing sad about the ocean, the beach the tide, a storm, the wavelets, or the waves after you get where they grow. The sadness is confined entirely to landlords and mosquitoes.

Hot winds have damaged the Kansas crops. Parnell accuses Chamberlain of divulging Cabi net secrets.

Arizona settlers fear an outbreak of the Sa. Carlos Indians. A Montreal suicide is believed to be a jiited and fugitive American bank cashler, Emperor Willam is now arranging for an interview with Queen Victoria at Baden. Emmons, the murderer of Bertha Schulz, wa lynched at Pawnee City, Neb., after confession.

Three elephants broke loose at Munich in the grand procession in honor of the Ludwig I. centennial. John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, catones some of his employees, robbing him by the wholesale.

United States Consuls in Italy have formed society to encourage commercial relations the two countries. Rudolph Sevic, the leader of the Chicago dyns mite plot, is released on \$16,000 ball, which is fur nished by Anarchists.

A Reading family is chloroformed by thieves and the house ransacked and saturated with kerosene preparatory to setting it afte. Police frighten off the burglars. the burgiara.

Christopher Meyer, the millionaire rubber manufacturer, died yesterday at his residence in Fitth avenue of cancer. He was seventy years old, and avenue of cancer. He was seventy years old, and was married two years ago to Miss Effic Chase who was only twenty. He also figured in a breach

of-promise suit brought by Annelte Schenck, who wanted \$100,000 damages.

Weak and Weary

ribes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease, or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilis is just the medicine needed to overcome Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to overcome that tired feeling, to purify and quicken the singuish blood, and restore the lost appetits. If you need a good medicine be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla,

"My appetite was peor, I could not sleep, had head-ache a great deal, pains in my back, my bowels did not move regularly. Hood's Sarsaparilla in a short time did me so much good that I feel like a new man. My pains and schee are relieved, my appetite improved." George F. Jaczzon, Rozbury Station, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

A TOUR WITH THE DOCTOR

ALAN DALE SPENDS AN AFTERNOON IN THE TENEMENT-HOUSE DISTRICT.

He Finds a Terrible Neglect of the Simplest Sanitary Rules-Why Does the Board of Health Permit Such Rookeries to Exist? -Hard Let of Poor Bables Bern Inte Such Surroundings.



T noon yesterday I was smong the throng on Broadway, moving with it up the broad, with its imposing ho-tels, its stores, its theatres and the thou-sand little pleasures

that go to make up a life worth living. One hour later I was in a quarter as utterly different as though an ocean instead of a few blocks of brick and mortar had been crossed. Under the wing of the physician whose mission it is to visit the less fortunate inhabitants of this wast city, at the instigation of THE EVENING WORLD, I was piloted through region the odor of which still lingers with me, the losthsomeness of which I still most unwittingly see and the misery of which I

hope I shall never be able to forget. Most people have heard of Roosevelt street because it gives its name to a line of Brooklyn-bound ferryboats. These folks, however, are perhaps hardly aware that the street is full of vast tenement houses of the most primitive nature, where families herd them-selves together in horrible proximity and where the elemental decencies of existennes are almost unknown. No sooner had we entered the street than a sickening smell almost threw me over. The doctor smiled. I gasped. A policeman with a rosy nose came up.

"Ah" he said, affably, "they've just got a dead dog out of the sewer there. You a dead dog out of the just gothing. We

"Ah." he said, affably, "they've just got a dead dog out of the sewer there. You don't like the smell! Oh, it's nothing. We didn't know what it came from for several days, but it's all right now."

I believe most ardently that there is a whole family of dead dogs, beginning at the great grandfather and ending at the further generation, still lurking in that sewer. They must all be exterminated before I put my nose on the street again.

generation, still lurking in that sewer. They must all be exterminated before I put my nose on the street again.

We approached No. 18 Roosevelt street, Two lightly clad women with hot, clammy babies stood outside infecting themselves with the odor of dog, and inhaling the germs of disease with every breath. There was a stout, burly man with them. He was doing nothing.

"Hallo," he said to the doctor, who courteously bared his head before the mothers, "there's a sick baby here. It cries every night and every day. It never stops crying. The neighbors are complaining. If somebody doesn't do something, it'll have to go."

We followed him up a dark, alimy staircase, the entrance to which was guarded by the filthiest garbage barrels, recking with putrifying matter. At each landing there were children. At every door some miserable little baby head could be seen. At every window swarmed children. Great heavens! What a place in which to rear a population! At the top floor we stopped. In an armchair outside the door of the apartments saisuch a putiful looking little child that it seemed more like a wizened old man. It was crying—not healthily, vigorously, or as though it had a momentary dolorous grievance, but in the whining, wearing tones of the incessant, worn-out sufferer.

It was alone. It had not even sufficient strength to tumble out of the chair. We summoned Mrs. Hanlon, the mother. "Yes, Willie was a very sick baby," she said, tearfully. He would take nothing but a few bits of ice. He had measles, but though the eruption had disappeared he did not mind, There had been measles throughout the house.

"A dispensary doctor called to see him,"

ouse.
"A dispensary doctor called to see him,"
aid she, "but on Saturday he said he would
cot come again." said she not come again."

The doctor examined poor little Willie and found that he was indeed greviously ill.

"He has the best of care," said the mother

The best of care! The atmosphere was simply stifling. Every entrance was choked up. There was a window looking into a yard from which gusts of stench came continually. The best of care! Poor Mrs. Hanamp. There was a window looking into a yard from which gusts of stench came continually. The best of care! Poor Mrs. Hanlon!

Mrs. Hanlon has six children, the ages of which are alarmingly close together. Her husband attends to any jobs he can secure by book or by crook. But her sorrow for Williams.

hook or by crook. But her sorrow for Willie was not lessened by the fact that she is bardly able to support the poor little incumbrance. She wept continually as she looked at him. "There is hope that he will recover." said the doctor.
We went through several tenements in

We went through several tenements in Mulberry street, in each of which from twenty to thirty Italian families dwelt. They looked very suspiciously at the doctor. They were afraid he came from the Board of Health, and these Italians detest the Board of Health intensely. The Board occasionally attempts to disinfect the houses and the Italians resent this as an outrage.

"There are no sick babies here," cried an old woman, warding us off with a long, lank arm, as we entered No. 51. "Sick babies? Why, this yard is as healthy as any folks could wish. We get lovely breezes. I've lived here fourteen years and I guess I'm pretty smart."

I've lived here fourteen years and I guess I'm pretty amart."

In the centre of the yard were groups of Italian women washing their linen. Babies tumbled over one another. Husbands and brothers and fathers laughed and smoked in the most startling negligé attire. Sick babies? Why, the idea was too absurd. Many of the people had taken their windows bodily from the casements.

The cool weather has done a great deal to benefit this teeming population of the tenement districts. But, during a hot spell what must it be? Everything I saw yesterday was under the most favorable conditions, ironical as such a statement may sound.

cal as such a statement may sound.

I thought of the Italian woman, Cignarale, who through crime has been rescued from these terrible surroundings. The prison as a punishment for these unfortunate Italians is

a farce. A penitentiary or any institution of a similar kind must be a heaven in compari-son with this tenement-house hell. ALAN DALE.

He Will Be Seen. To the Evening World Physician :

A little boy-one of a group of fresh-air children sent from New York for a few days of country breath-stuck a pitchfork in his cheek, near the left eye, one day last week. I dressed the wound. The eye is much inflamed. He has to go home to-morrow. I feel uneasy about the result for the poor boy. I think the eye will easily get well if watched a little by a good physician. Would it be asking too much of you, who have already done so much for the poor, to ask you to see him? I have less hesitation in asking you to do this good deed as I have the honor to be a graduate of the same great university that you came from, His name and address are as follows: Joseph Stephanek, 331 East Thirty-eighth s reet. New York. Very respectfully, your friend.

WILLIAM L. WILBUR.

Hightstown, N. J., July 30. cheek, near the left eye, one day last week. I

Hightstown, N. J., July 80. A Typewriting Contest.

The trial of speed among operators on the difference of the contest of t

ent writing machines, which has been looked for-ward to with so much interest during the past few weeks, will take place this evening at the rooms of the Metropolitan Stenographers' Association, 208

the Metropolitan Stenographers' Association, 202 West Twenty-first street.

A large number of contestants have entered their names, and price aggregating \$60 will be distributed among the firec operators who write the largest number of words in five consecutive minutes, with the least number of errors. The contest will be conducted by a committee appointed by the association.